



THE LAST STRIKE FOR LIBERTY.

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



THE
LAST STRIKE
FOR LIBERTY.

A SEMI-POLITICAL SATIRE

On the Revolutionary Demands of the "Liberal"
Foreign Element.

"There are who trust to casualty for all,
And deem no ruler moves this earthly ball;
With whom, as suns and changing seasons shine,
'Tis Nature all, and not the power divine;
These boldly all in the Temple's precincts stand,
And touch all altars with intrepid hand.

And are there not that mid dark poisons dwell,
And blend the deadly bane they dearly sell?
And yet how few of all the crimes are here
Which daily meet the city prefect's ear."

—Juvenal.

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—*¶ Preface, ¶*—

HE danger that threatens our country from the influx of an illiterate and immoral foreign population is no creation of poetic fancy. A Republic is the ideal form of government, but it cannot long flourish upon ignorance and corrupted morals. That element which would abrogate the Sabbath, displace the churches with Sunday theaters, beer gardens and concert

halls, and maintain a saloon on every corner of the street, is not the stuff of which great and prosperous nations are made. All countries where such an element has long been predominant have lost the high prerogative of self-government and sunk under despotic rule; and if such an element is allowed to secure the reins of power in the great Republic of the western world, it will require no prophet's eye to foresee the inglorious end.

I expect to be criticised for the severity of this satire, because among

the class it condemns are many of "our best citizens." It will be remembered that, at a certain meeting held in the Cincinnati Music Hall, something over two years ago, many of "our best citizens" were present and gave expression to sentiments which culminated in riot, bloodshed, and the most outrageous acts of vandalism that ever disgraced our country. These good men did not intend the destruction of life and property, but by their language and their action they encouraged depraved, irresponsible characters to deeds

of violence; and as the instigators of riot they should have been held equally responsible with the active perpetrators. So when men of influence and social standing advocate the desecration of the Sabbath and unrestricted license of the appetites and passions, they pander to the depraved tastes of the lowest element of human society, and deserve the same condemnation as the outcast, in whose case (for want of the restraining influence of social responsibility) like principles culminate in open crime. I have, therefore, no com-

punctions at placing wealth, learning, and respectability in the category with poverty, ignorance, and disgrace, when the former advocate the same pernicious principles which the latter love to exemplify.

While I write, news is brought that the "Squire" who aided the Sunday theaters of Cincinnati in their late contests with the Law and Order League, and did everything in his power to thwart the proper administration of the law, has been sent to the work-house by the Judge of the Police Court for assaulting a woman while he was in a

drunken condition. What a commentary on the principles of the so-called “liberal” German element! The man they have used as a tool to sit in judgment on other people, himself arrested and convicted of drunkenness and open violation of the very laws he was sworn to support! When a lawless element succeeds in placing law-breakers on the judicial bench and in other official positions, that they may there aid in balking the administration of justice, is language capable of uttering too severe a condemnation of the fla-

grant outrage against the honor of our country and the safety of its institutions?

The nation honors those vigorous, industrious Germans who come to America, respect the laws of the country, and avail themselves of the great opportunities it offers for the acquirement of a home, the comforts of life, and an honored position in society; but that other class of men who swarm from the shores of Europe, laden with political and social heresies, to take advantage of the freedom of our country for the purpose of

stirring up revolution and anarchy, should be taught that, if the laws of the United States are too Puritanic to suit their ideas, they must return to the effete despotisms from whence they came.

THE AUTHOR.



—THE—

Last Strike for Liberty.

 O the far confines of the
Western World,
Long since, Columbia her
flag unfurled;
With Freedom blazoned on her
starry shield,
She guards the trophies won on
Glory's field.
No foreign despot e'er disputes her
sway,

But crowns and thrones respectful
homage pay.

Long o'er the land where Right
spontaneous teems,
The Bird of Liberty has basked in
Splendor's beams;
No storms appeared his wings
could not defy;
No vulture dared dispute the azure
sky
Against his righteous claim. His
piercing eye
Discerned the conduct of both low
and high;

Saw every crime that outraged
Freedom's law,
And hurled offenders to the open
maw
Of Justice, till his lofty name was
borne
On Civilization's far-resounding
horn
To earth's remotest rim, and at its
sound
The oppressed arose and cast upon
the ground
The fetters that had bruised their
weary bones,
While despots looked and trem-
bled on their thrones.

But, lo, what dark eclipse now
veils the sun!

What ominous shades of dire dis-
aster run

Across the land! Columbia, fair
and proud,

The starry banner soon will be thy
shroud!

Let Fame's proud bird now to his
eyrie fly,

For fast the storm o'erspreads the
darkening sky;

The Vulture of Oppression whets
his beak,

Even now, with Freedom's blood
his talons reek.

So say the scions of Teutonic
race
Who in this glorious land have
found a place,
Far better than their Fatherland
allowed
To such as Fate cast in the com-
mon crowd.
Though blest with rights in Ger-
many unknown,
They say, "instead of bread
they're given a stone."
Hark, how their guttural voice
stentorian calls
For Liberty and Right from
Turner Halls!¹

To hear their frantic clamors, one
might deem
Our boasted freedom a delusive
dream,
And count our laws more arbit-
rary far
Than king's decree, or edict of a
czar.

Behold this poor, oppressed and
injured band,
What ills they suffer at the law's
demand!
Doomed by an evil star on every
sod

To bow forever to some despot's rod,
First under Kaiser William's rigorous law
They felt the cords of royal tyrants draw;
Count Bismarck's censors watched them every hour
Lest they should e'er presume to scorn his power;
Von Moltke's marshals hurried them away
To serve the Kaiser without thanks or pay;²
Yet they were free, for there no Sunday laws

Opposed their revels or Gambri-nus' cause.

Reared in a land where tyrants
grind the poor,
Where pride against ambition
shuts the door,
With groveling care the peasant
plods along,
Nor dares complain against triumphant wrong;
For caste and social laws long
since repressed
The tamest hope that stirred his
rugged breast.

There like a craven cur he licks
the hand
That rains oppression on his native
land.

Such were our "liberal" citizens
before
Their feet had touched Columbia's
magic shore.
But, lo, how soon in boastful pomp
they stand
Transformed from cravens to a
war-like band!
Freed from their native tyrants'
grasping claws,

They howl against our country's
milder laws.

To find a land of liberty they
come

To strike for freedom, glory, and a
home,

Where hand in hand the highest
virtues run,

And men from every clime be-
neath the sun

In peace their various crafts and
trades pursue,

Unwatched, unhindered by a hire-
ling crew

Commissioned under empires'
haughty sway,
To see that subject-slaves their
lords obey,
And yield a tribute from laborious
pain
To nourish pampered Luxury's
royal train;
Expend their strength for treasures
not their own,
And waste their years to guard a
hateful throne.³

Fired by the spirit of progressive
pride,

In radiant hope they stem the ocean tide,
To rear their homes where Freedom's banner flies
In the clear sunshine of Hesperian skies;
Rejoicing to escape the obnoxious bands
That Prussia's Medo-Persian law demands.

Alas! how soon their lofty dream expires!
How rude Oppression shocks their high desires!

For scarce has Freedom's anthem
stirred their souls
When o'er their heads a storm of
terror rolls,
Presaging harsher bondage to their
minds
Than ever lashed Bohemian or
Bavarian hinds,
And sterner woes than e'er beyond
the main
Befel the Pole, the Prussian, or the
Dane.

The land they fondly hoped would
aid their cause

Is doubly cursed with Puritanic
laws,

That rasp their tender consciences,
and spread

Cordons across the paths they love
to tread.

Compelled an irksome day of rest
to bear,

Which Christian lands devote to
praise and prayer,

They curse the power that makes
them moral slaves;

And wild each self-appointed
champion raves

Against the state that frames a
civil code

Based on the primal laws of Na-
ture's God.

And still they rave and louder
make complaint

At daily increase of the law's re-
straint,

Because their new-found liberty
does shrink

Until its bounds "prescribe their
meat and drink;"

Soon civil power may rob them of
the joys

They have in snaring unprotected
boys,

In leading girls into temptation's
way,

And making Innocence to Vice
a prey;

May even deny that cherished
right so dear—

The loud - mouthed Anarchist's
unfailing cheer—

To drink vile whisky to absorb
their fear,

Or drown their woes in kegs of
lager beer.

So now, to give them freedom
large and wide,

Let law be crushed and Justice
stand aside;
Let white-robed Peace once more
her pinions try,⁴
And soar to brighter realms be-
yond the sky;
In Danger's fitful shades let Virtue
hide,
And Honor grope in darkness by
her side;
Let rampant Crime its horrid vis-
age rear,
And hideous Vice in darker forms
appear;
Till homes and states in anarchy
descend,

And hasten all to one inglorious
end.

And you, descendants of a loftier
line,

Whose sires the great pronuncio
dared to sign;⁵

Who laid in blood the first founda-
tion stone

On which might rise a state with-
out a throne;

Will you resign the heritage of
fame,

Come down adorned with many
an honored name;

To bribes, intrigues, and prejudice
a prey,
Now tamely see your glory swept
away?

What means the freedom asked by
foreign slaves
Who swarm in hordes across the
Atlantic waves?
What does it mean but liberty to
scorn
The virtuous laws that Christian
states adorn,
To feed the passions of a grovel-
ing throng,

To pamper vice and school the
world in wrong;
Transform a stalwart race to vapid
fools,
And make the land a “place of
bones and skulls,”
Where drunken friends and maud-
lin demons roam
To sow the seeds of crime in every
home.

See where in yonder cot a mother
mourns
The wayward son who never more
returns

To cheer her age, acknowledge
filial ties,

Or own a thought responsive to
her sighs.

Unmindful of her tears and daily
prayers,

Unmoved by all her woes and all
her cares,

With cold ingratitude he spurns
her claim,

Nor knows or fears the measure of
his shame.

To that cursed den where dupes
and villains meet,

With low desires, he nightly turns
his feet,

And drowns each thought that stirs
the nobler sense
In the vile draughts that bloody
hands dispense.
There thoughts obscene, in vulgar
words expressed,
Inflame to crime each drunken
idler's breast;
While fierce and horrid blasphemies arise
Against all righteous rule in earth
or skies.

Why to the darkest breeding-place
of crime

Resorts the youth whose life from
childhood's time,
Maternal love has watched with
ceaseless care,
Bedewed with tears and sanctified
with prayer?
Because the blood-stained vam-
pires who purvey
To vicious tastes, and on all virtue
prey,
Must still have power and freedom
to surround
The homes where peace and hap-
piness abound,
And with relentless avarice steal
away

Respect, health, wealth, and honor
day by day.

Observe that wild, beer-bloated
ranting fool,

Who, mixing drinks and placing
balls for pool,

Complains that fanatics oppress his
trade,

And with their laws his dignity
degrade!

Hear how for “personal liberty”
he raves,

And calls all Christians “tyrants,”
“fools,” and “knaves.”

What awful majesty his form displays,
What injured innocence his face portrays,
As into muddled ears he pours his wrongs,
And tells what honor to his craft belongs.
How sad that puny moralists presume
The glory of his lofty aims to spume!
Six days of every week the laws allow
That he may tempt his victims to the slough;

Six days with fiery draughts from
Satan's bowls
He snares in peace for unprotected
souls;
Six days he robs the innocent of
bread,
And heaps affliction on the orphan's
head;
Incites to arson, rape, and every
crime
That stains the bloody record of
the time.

All this yet fails his malice to
supply,

Or his insatiate greed to satisfy;
For him each principle of right must yield,
Each voice be hushed and every law repealed,
That calls for respite from his rule of crime,
For even a seventh part of fleeting time.
No legal hindrance day or night must lie
Upon the fiends that heaven and earth defy;
Week-day or Sabbath, none must interfere,

Or rise against the sottish reign
of beer.

When Malice thus to Ignorance
allied,
Self-power their aim, and Folly
for their guide,
With revolution, rapine, blood, and
fire,
And all the friends of Anarchy
conspire
To hurl down Justice from his
rightful throne,
And raise a gory scepter of their
own,

'Tis Freedom's cloak that hides
 their fell designs,
And high upon their crimson ban-
 ner shines
The stolen emblem of heroic
 pride,
Presumption's toy, but Wisdom's
 faithful guide,
The guarded treasure of the noble
 free,
The sacred badge of birthright
 “Liberty,”
That magic word which every soul
 inspires,
And thrills man's bosom with con-
 tagious fires,

Though Nature's hand his toilsome
life sustains
With scanty fare on Iceland's
dreary plains;
Or, lavish, showers her favors for
his ease
Amid the verdant isles of tropic
seas.

Such was the watchword of re-
vengeful hate
When stricken France reeled on
the verge of fate;⁶
When at the swift, unmerciful
behest

Of tyrant powers disguised in
Freedom's vest,
The turbid waves of Seine's ma-
jestic flood
Were tinged from day to day with
guiltless blood,
And many a victim of the dark
Bastile,
In terror's awful hour was made to
feel
That men who bold as Freedom's
champions pose
May be themselves its most relent-
less foes.
Still from the scaffold in that day
of fear,

From age to age, successive nations hear

The most intrepid child of France
exclaim:⁷

“O Liberty, what crimes disgrace
thy name!”

Then rise, ye champions of an honored state;

Preserve your country from impending fate;

Like honest patriots, spurn the guilty prize

Of party soil, that blinds the statesman's eyes.

The liberty that foreign outcasts
claim
Is tyranny to men of honest
fame;
In Freedom's guise they seek with
brazen face
For license to enslave a nobler
race;
The rights for which they clamor
loud and long
Are the base wishes of a lawless
throng,
Who only seek for freedom to
despoil
The just prosperity of honest
toil;

To rob your sons of Honor's cher-
ished name,
And drag your daughters to the
haunts of shame.⁸

When "liberal leagues" conspire
to license crime,
Let patriots mark the warning
signs of time,
And stand like heroes in the des-
tined hour
Till Justice spurns Presumption's
claim to power.
Teach foreign slaves, who to your
borders come,

To leave Teutonic heresies at home;
To know that famed Columbia still shall be
The home of Right, the country of the free,
The brightest mark on Glory's shining page,
The greatest land of earth's sublimest age;
And all who share the blessings of her state
Must own the righteous laws that make her great.

⇒⇒⇒ NOTES. ⇌⇒⇒

NOTE 1—Page 15.

Turner Halls.

Referring to the meeting-places of the “Leagues for Liberty and Right.”

NOTE 2—Page 17.

To serve the Kaiser without thanks or pay.

All German troops are bound to obey, unconditionally, the orders of the Emperor, and are required to take the oath of allegiance accordingly. The sovereigns of the more important states of the confederation are allowed the nominal privilege of appointing some of the lowest officers in the army, but even these appointments are subject to the imperial approval; consequently the individual states, kingdoms, and principalities have practically no control over their own troops, and the soldiers are not answerable to, or protected by, their own home government, but solely under the arbitrary rule of the Emperor of Prussia.

NOTE 3—Page 21.

And waste their years to guard a hateful throne.

Every German is obliged to serve seven years in the standing army, the period of life required by the government being from the end of the twentieth to the beginning of the twenty-eighth year of the citizen's age. Three years he must spend in active service, and four in the reserve; after this he must form a part of the landwehr for five years more, making altogether twelve years of military service.

NOTE 4—Page 27.

Let white-robed Peace once more her pinions try.

“When Peace and Mercy, banished from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to heaven again.”

—*Campbell.*

NOTE 5—Page 28.

Whose sires the great pronuncio dared to sign.

The Declaration of Independence. The critics may object to the coinage of the word *pronuncio*, but it is less labored than *pronunciamento*, and is probably as well sustained by etymology.

NOTE 6—Page 40.

When stricken France reeled on the verge of fate.

The Reign of Terror.

NOTE 7—Page 42.

The most intrepid child of France, etc.

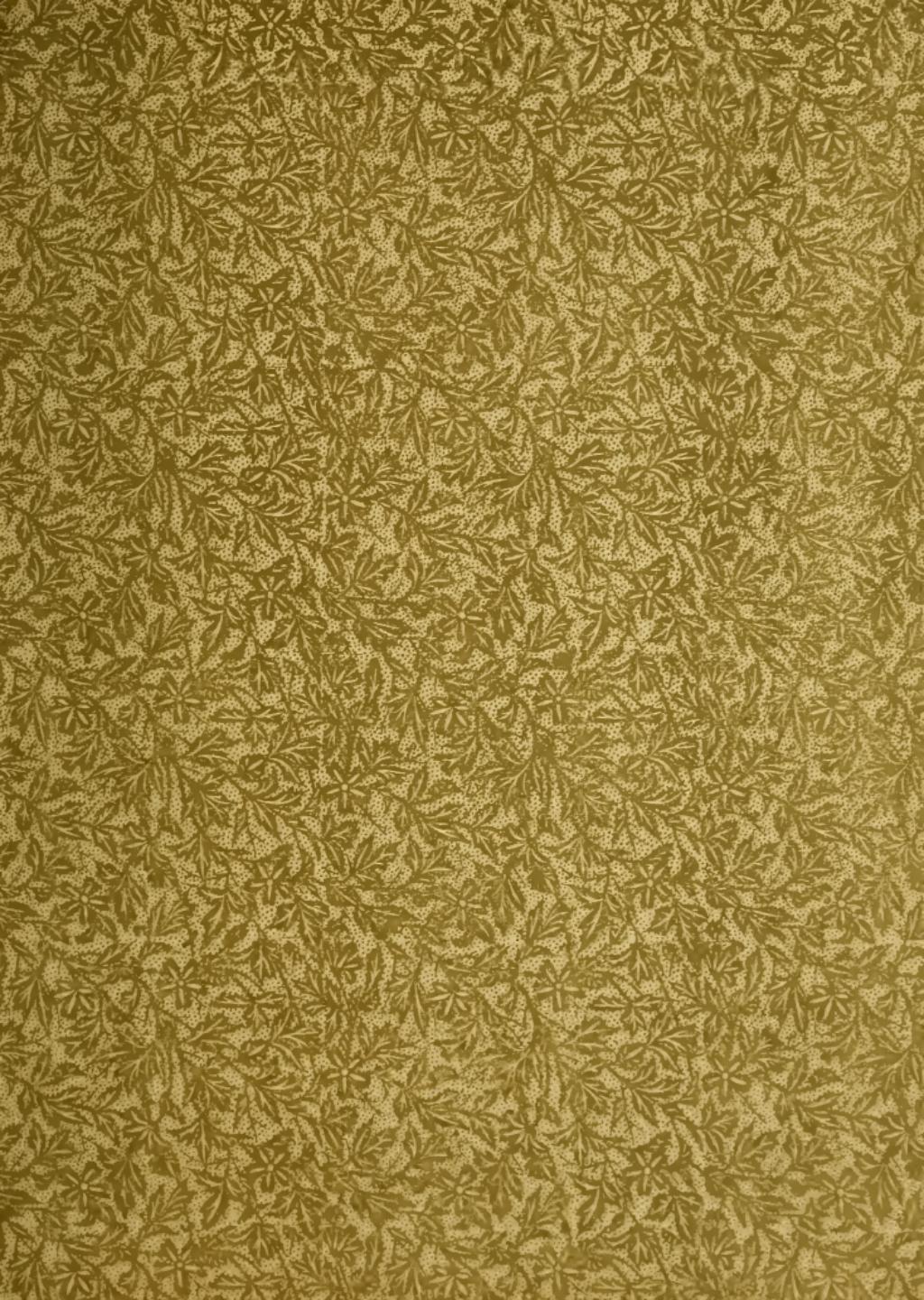
Madame Roland. Guillotined under the bloody regime of Robespierre and the Revolutionary Tribunal, she died exclaiming from the scaffold: “O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name !”

NOTE 8—Page 44.

*To rob your sons of Honor's cherished name,
And drag your daughters to the haunts of shame.*

Any charge of loose morals against the German population is looked upon with distrust by a large class of people; yet statistics show that in Germany, either taken alone or in connection with Austria (which is largely inhabited by Germans, and formed a part of the confederation until 1866), the percentage of illegitimate births is greater than in any other important country in Europe—the comparatively small kingdoms of Sweden, Denmark, and Portugal being the only states that equal it in this respect.





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